

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



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# THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &  
PRESENT STUDENTS and  
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ  
of THE R·C·M· UNION..*

*'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'*



## Editorial

*I rushed into this Preface, which is no more than an advertisement for readers.*

R. L. STEVENSON.

The description of the College Magazine appearing on the inner title-page, since it adorns every number, is perchance too often taken for granted as a mere detail of the design. It may therefore be useful to remind Collegians that this journal is "for Past and Present Students and Friends" and is, in addition, the "Official Organ of the R.C.M. Union."

With numerous past students it has long been treasured as a valuable link with their period of pupilage, and it is interesting to note how even such things as the concert programmes are eagerly scanned by those whose thoughts are still with us, though they have ceased to be part of our working machine. In these days, too, when social gatherings are infrequent, and even the time-honoured "At Home" suffers indefinite postponement, the Magazine fills an especially useful function by preserving the continuity of the Union in a way that nothing else could do. Nor has the College ever lacked "Friends" who, though unconnected with the active life of the institution, are nevertheless intensely interested in all that appertains to our welfare.

It is, however, surprising that so many present students seem almost oblivious of the fact that the Magazine is their own. There are some, even, who have been heard to express ignorance of its very existence! This is lamentable.

It has always been the Editor's earnest desire that these pages should appeal to those who are still studying in the College, and he has made strenuous efforts (not always successful) to obtain contributions for each number from present students.

One misconception, at least, can be removed. The Magazine is easily obtainable for the sum of sixpence, and can be purchased in single copies each term in the central office by those who do not for the moment wish to forward the small annual subscription to the Union Secretary (which ensures not only enrolment as a Union Member but regular delivery of this periodical).

The current number will be found to contain not only the Director's address for last term in full, and a contribution from Captain Arthur Benjamin (who still holds an open scholarship, though this War has called him from us for a time) but also a review of a volume of poems by another present Collegian, and a new feature in the form of "Queen Alexandra's House Notes"—all things which will primarily appeal to present students.

Perhaps a little mild proselytising is needed. If so the Editor would welcome any missionary help in this direction—both with a view to obtaining more contributions of immediate interest to Collegians of to-day, and a wider circle of readers amongst the daily climbers of both staircases.

### Director's Address

SEPTEMBER 24, 1917

*"The Youth of a Nation are the Trustees of Posterity."*—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

You are quite right to refuse to be beaten by the long strain, and to show a valiant spirit of cheerfulness, just as the men do at the front. You certainly could not have better examples of the way to carry on in such unusual trials. If what we are told is true, they seem to manage even to joke and laugh in the midst of a perpetual whirl of horrors. I believe they are forced to it to keep the deeper thoughts at bay. If they allowed themselves to think, and their imaginations free rein to realize what they are living through, they could not endure it. If the ordinary conditions of sensibility were maintained, they would be driven mad. They project their minds towards cheerful things as a safeguard against losing hold of themselves. And so must we.

But I do not think any sensible person is deceived by the public appearance of jocosity over the War which so many people present, and some people resent. We know we could not make anything of our lives if we went about moping and hanging our heads, and spending all our time saying how dreadful it all is! We have got to challenge the remorselessness of cruel things that happen, and keep a smiling look as a sort of defiance.

But there is no need to be always keeping up the pretence that it is so jolly and gay to ourselves. We know better. And if we got into the permanent habit of turning everything into jokes it would have a



pitiful effect upon our dispositions. It would be especially pernicious for us, because people who have artistic impulses are specially distinguished from the average of humanity by their capacities to feel the realities of things. They have to look for their meanings and welcome their deeper significances. It is part of their duty to suffer in sympathy with distress and misfortune and to be exalted and thrilled by the things that are noble and fruitful of good. So what they require even more than the average inartistic being is more spiritual courage. For them it needs courage and ever more courage to look into things and feel what they really are, and yet keep their spirit high and free, and maintain that same cheerfulness of demeanour which fits them to live and achieve serviceable things.

I should have very little belief in the College spirit if we could not look our losses in the face and keep on bravely facing them and finding some way to bear them, though as time goes on they are getting heavier and heavier. I have before now had to refer to our having lost some of the finest young people we have had the luck to count among our College boys, such as that splendid fellow Joseph Ireland, and those most lovable boys, Purcell Warren and Adolphe Goossens. This time I have to refer to the loss of one of the finest young men I ever knew, Arthur C. Heberden, who was killed on July 10. He is a huge loss not only to us but to the world at large. His personality radiated splendid influences on everyone with whom he came into contact. He was full of a noble vigour of helpfulness in all directions, not only to musicians but to people in unhelpful circumstances among the poor and unfortunate. The spirit of frank truthfulness and courage was in him, and the destruction of such a splendid nature is a loss which is irreparable.

Another peculiarly heart-rending loss is that of young Seymour Goodwin. He came to us first in the capacity of a clerk in the offices; but his family was intimately connected with music and his disposition gravitated in that direction; and he gave evidence of such musical aptitudes that our kind Mr Sewell took him in hand and gave him lessons on the organ; and then he became a student of the College and developed marvellously as an organist and a first-rate musician. There was a touch of romance about the whole story, which was enhanced by his single-hearted and lovable and happy disposition. The idea of his life ending in such a tragedy was unthinkable. It seems like a vicious irony of

fate that such a nature and such promise should be cut off. But in this awful gamble there is no question of discrimination or aptness, unless it be the aptness of devilish mockery.

Another characteristic personality that has been taken from us is Eric Brown, who came to us from Harrow, and put in some years at Oxford between two spells at College. He was essentially eager and sincere, and had literary and philosophical aspirations which, joined with musical ardour, made a compound suggestive of interesting developments.

Of another of the fallen ones, A. G. Millard, I am sorry to say I knew personally but little. He became Berkshire Scholar eleven years ago, and was a gifted organist, with a good career before him. Another of our organists, Charles J. Dixon, was also killed last July. A very pathetic case is that of Kenneth Bruce Stuart, who was only with us for part of a year. He was an only son; and when he lost his life in an heroic attempt to lead what was practically a forlorn hope at Warlencourt, his tragically bereaved father decided to found a prize in his memory at the College; which I may now announce to have been awarded to Miss Young, who, I feel sure, will be a worthy first representative of such a touching memorial.

And yet one of the cruellest of the things that has happened is the case of Douglas Fox, one of the most brilliant and gifted of all the scholars who have brought honour to the College. He was one of the finest organists we ever had, and not only an organist but also a pianist of such mettle that he won the Challen Gold Medal for pianoforte playing in 1912. He promised to become one of the foremost organists of the country, for he was no mere showy player, but an interpreter of the highest gifts, and capable of imaginative invention as well, as he won the prize for extemporizing on the organ in 1913. It was cruelty enough that he should have been sent, without pretence of discrimination, into such a tornado of savagery; for he was a sensitive, artistic being through and through; and it was to a letter of his describing his first experience of crossing "no man's land" that I referred in the address last term. And the end of it was that he was badly wounded in the right arm, and in order to save his life it had to be amputated. It is one of the most spitefully vicious things that blind fate has brought about. There is such an infernal aptness about it. Promise of the very rarest quality ruthlessly destroyed! And what it means in a lifetime's



deprivation is not expressable in presentable terms. I know he takes it nobly, and we can only hope that he will defeat the malignant fates by discovering some way in which he can still serve the world effectually with only a left arm at his disposal. Such things do happen, and I know his character to be so fine that if the victory over such a cruel blow can be achieved, he will achieve it.

There are so many things, both tragic and cheering, to tell about our College boys' experiences that I cannot attempt to deal with a tithe of them. Our flute scholar, Hedges, has returned to us after astonishing varieties of experiences, which included the loss of a leg and being a prisoner of the Germans, and being transferred to Switzerland, where he made himself splendidly useful in organizing the music of an Internment Camp, and generally won great credit for his energy and spirit. One might be led to infer there must be some talisman about flute-playing, for another of our pupils who played the flute in the orchestra, Oliver Stewart, has distinguished himself in the Flying Corps, and has been awarded the Military Cross.

We are most of us specially interested in Cedric Sharpe, on account of his splendid 'cello playing, and his personal qualities and his parentage, and are thrilled by his experiences in a tank and elsewhere, which he took with fine spirit, and are relieved somewhat that he is for the time being out of the danger zone in hospital.

One other case I must permit myself to mention, which is that of R. Griffiths, a member of the Office Staff, of whose lengthy proportions we often had occasion to be aware when he was in charge of the arrangements for the orchestra. His letters reveal to us that he is engaged in a special incidental war against the Mahsuds in Waziristan, the North-Westernmost corner of India. It is quite likely that we should never have heard of it but for his participation in it, though in normal times it would have made quite a stir.

Though I have occupied so much time in dwelling on the memories of beloved ones whom we shall never see at the College any more, I do not want the starting point of the term to be concentrated on sad things, which cast deep shadows on our lives. It is very desirable to start in good spirits, and to face life with all the hopefulness and brightness that we can; as indeed you appear to be fully aware of from the appearance you present on these occasions. So I will turn to the things which



concern our existing College life more intimately. In this connection our habit of paying a yearly tribute of honour to the most distinguished of those scholars and students who have completed their time with us at the end of the College year will serve as a cheering influence by comparison.

I propose to limit myself on this occasion to naming only four of those with whom we are parting company. It lessens the value of an honour when it is too liberally bestowed, and it enhances it when only those receive it who are of outstanding and conspicuous worth.

First among those whom the College is proud to honour at this parting is Herbert Howells. Most of us have become fully aware of his wonderful and delightful gifts, for we have so often enjoyed their fruits at our concerts. Of all of those whom we have rejoiced to mention with honour in many past years, it would be hard to find anyone to surpass him. In fancy and invention, in mastery of resource and subtle sense of colour he ranks among the very foremost of our composers; and the prospect is all the more hopeful because of the sanity and soundness of his views. The musical instinct is so genuine in him that we feel confident of being spared the freaks and fantastic absurdities with which less gifted exploiters endeavour to astonish the unmusical vulgar. And I rejoice to add that his disposition seems to me to have matched his musical outfit. His wholehearted ardour has caused him many times to overtax a constitution none too robust; and withal he has shown a generous nature which welcomes gift and achievement in others, and is happily free from the exclusive and excessive appreciation of self which is too often a drawback among people who are artistically constituted. I believe he will not only delight us, and more and more of the people who have not the good luck to be associated with the College, by his compositions, but exercise a wholesome influence on the course of music in coming days in this country; for besides his musical qualifications, he has considerable literary gifts, as was illustrated by the fact that whenever he competed for the terminal History Essay Prize no one else had a chance.

Then it gives me the greatest pleasure to name Frederick Taylor, whose splendid voice and remarkable gifts of interpretation are known to most of you. His artistic outfit is of a very high order, and recognition has already come to him very widely for his inspiring singing. And with him, too, the qualities of a fine disposition are delightfully conspicuous.

Some people with such prominent gifts would neglect their less flattering opportunities. But not so Frederick Taylor! Wherever there was a chance for worthy self-development and expansion of mind and resources you would be sure to find him. Even at history lectures, which appear to the vast majority of Collegians to be purely superfluous, he was almost always present, and always ready to help by singing illustrations; and in Choral Class his resonant voice filled up much of the void caused by the exacting claims of the War upon our young manhood. It is only natural that our appreciation of him should be confirmed by the award of the Tagore medal for the year. He gives that pleasant sense that one can depend on him wherever he is and whatever he undertakes; and it will be a strange aberration of fortune if he does not become a shining light in his branch of the profession.

Another delightful singer, with whom we have regretfully to part company, is Miss Beatrice Betts. She too has been endowed with an entrancing voice and quite exceptional aptitudes for using it. Her interpretations have always gone to the root of the matter, whether it is the words or the music which is concerned. She can render you a lyric with delicate subtleties of meaning or thrill you with dramatic fire. And here again the personality invites the highest appreciation. My confidence in her good sense and saneness of character is most hearty, and I feel that she will bring plentiful honour to herself and to the College when a wider public has the opportunity to judge of her fine qualities.

One very exceptional scholar I will take this opportunity of naming, though she left in a term when we do not pay our special meed of respect to our most brilliant representatives. The College would indeed be wanting in the sense of its obligations if it took no note of Miss Gertrude Higgs, for she was quite one of the most admirable scholars it ever had. You have often heard her beautiful voice at our College Concerts, and you must always have been aware of the exquisite musical qualities which went with it. It 'leapt to the eyes' as the French say, that she had a rare and delightful nature. She spared herself so little in her musical ardour that she sometimes endangered her health, and even that susceptible vocal organ which in such a case is exacting of consideration. A generous nature is always a joy to see, even when risks are entailed. But it is to be hoped that when the world outside welcomes her, as it must, the impulse to



give all her charming nature in sympathy to her audience may be counter-balanced by a touch of wise selfishness bred of experience.

The College is very fortunate in having four such admirable representatives to claim and bid God-speed to at the end of the College year. Of their splendid quality there can be no question. And in every case the musical gifts are well matched by the personal qualities. We shall not really lose them. I could not doubt their loyalty for a moment. They will always belong to us, and I hope they will often be with us.

I admit gladly that there are a good many other most worthy scholars and pupils leaving us, many of them finely endowed and inspiring us with confidence in their dispositions as well as their musical gifts. But for the reasons I have given I refrain from referring to them by name.

It is cheering to think of them going out into the world and bearing the College spirit with them wherever they go. It is a great heartener in times of such stress as we are going through, to feel that we are bound together by such ties of affection and good will, and that the number of those who represent us in the musical life of the country is always increasing.

It is comforting, too, that in spite of the grievous diminution of our numbers through the merciless claims of the War, we have been able, with few exceptions, to maintain the full panoply of our activities in concerts and functions, though it must be admitted that it will become more and more difficult. The whole country has been living on its reserves of past times for three years, and the strain will become worse and worse. And in this connection I must appeal to you to be generous in helping the College all you can, as for instance in supporting the Choral Class. That is one of our institutions which has been most badly hit, and our dear Sir Walter has been infinitely patient as it has dwindled to smaller and smaller proportions! I think some of the singers have an idea that they will damage their precious voices if they sing in it. The best singers do not. But the ones that have only indifferent voices seem to be extra careful of them. I can assure them that if they will put aside such silly notions they will find that singing in Choral Class is not only enjoyable, but will do their precious pipes no harm, and will enhance their capacities of singing at sight, which are often grotesquely feeble; and it will enhance their musicianship and range of interpretation as well. So I beg

you, singers and all, to be generous and back up dear Sir Walter all you can, and make the Choral Class look more substantial.

And there are plenty of other ways you can help the College—you can help it in your attitude towards your individual work and your art : in your standards of life and feeling, in your sense of honour and healthiness of mind, and in the interesting work of building up the tradition of College life and spirit to ever higher levels. I have often had occasion to say that the College was singularly fortunate in its beginnings, for the first layer of scholars and students that came contained some of the most high-minded and clear-sighted and ardent young people it could be possible to find—and some of them are with us still. It is grand luck always to make a good start ; but it entails responsibilities. For those who come after have something to live up to. Our start has always been a fine asset to us ; and every successive layer of pupils has produced some characters and capacities which we can rightly be proud of. And now after a third of a century has passed has come our greatest test, and our very best are called upon to sacrifice their art, and to offer their utmost efforts, and even their lives, for a great cause.

The great cause has inspired them, and many have paid the highest price that man can pay. Some of you have been too short a time at the College to have known personally those whose sacrifice is the inspiring symbol of the noblest devotion. But we can all join together in that fraternal feeling which cherishes the memory of them as belonging to us, and is a constant inspiration to prove worthy of the heritage that has been built up for us by those who have gone before.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

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### **The College Roll of Honour**

*For the cause that lacks assistance,*

*The wrong that needs resistance,*

*For the future in the distance,*

*And the good that I can do. G. L. BANKS.*

The following Pupils, past and present, have joined the Forces since the outbreak of the war. Those marked with an asterisk have been invalided and discharged from service. Desiring to make the list as complete and as accurate as possible, the Editor welcomes additions or corrections. Battalion Numbers cannot now be inserted.



Allchin, Basil	..	..	2nd Lieut., Oxfordshires
Allen, Charles B.	..	..	Lieut., Loretto School, O.T.C.
Allen, William R.	..	..	Petty Officer, R.N.A.S. (Armoured Car Section)
Armitage, Clifford	..	..	
Armstrong Dash, A.	..	..	(wounded)
Bannister, J. Hurst	..	..	Royal Fusiliers (att. A.P.C.)
Barkworth, John E.	..	..	Lieut., Army Car Driver
Barnes, Archie F.	..	..	Captain, Gloucester Regt. (wounded)
Bellringer, Francis	..	..	Royal Engineers
Benjamin, Arthur	..	..	Captain, Royal Fusiliers
Bennett, R. Sterndale	..	..	Major (T.F.), Commanding Uppingham School Contingent, O.T.C.
Black, P. A.	..	..	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
Bliss, Arthur E. D.	..	..	Captain, Royal Fusiliers (wounded)
*Bourne, Humphrey S.	..	..	H.A.C.
Breach, Gilbert H.	..	..	Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Batt.) (missing, Oct. 17th, 1916)
Brough, F.	..	..	R.F.A.
Brown, Eric F.	..	..	Captain, Wilts (died of wounds)
Bright, Percy S.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Attached to General Staff, B.E.F.
Burchell, George H.	..	..	Queen's Royal West Surrey
Burke, Edmund	..	..	Captain, Canadian Contingent
Bulmer, Albert N.	..	..	R.A.M.C., E. Anglian (Field Ambulance)
Butterworth, George S. K.	..	..	Lieut., Durham L.I. (killed in action)
Button, Ernest A.	..	..	P.O., R.N.A.S.
Carey, Clive	..	..	Captain, A.O.D.
Chapman, Basil W. M.	..	..	City of London Yeomanry, Rough Riders
Chapman, Donald J. S.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers (died of wounds at Abbeville, 13th July, 1916)
Chapman, Philip E.	..	..	Hants Regt. (died of wounds at Malta, 4th Sept., 1915)
Chignell, Robert P.	..	..	Lieut., A.S.C. (Brigade Signalling Officer)
Clappetou, Walter	..	..	A.S.C.
Coster, Ernest	..	..	Captain Royal Welsh Fusiliers (awarded Military Cross, killed in action)
Colles, H. C.	..	..	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Collis, Philip J.	..	..	R.F.C.
Cooter, Eaton	..	..	Berkshires
Cruft, Eugene	..	..	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Cullerne, F. Hilton	..	..	Liverpool (Manx Batt.)
Cumberland, Louis B.	..	..	Captain, King's Royal Rifles
Cunninghame, Charles L.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regt. (Twice wounded)
Curtis, Benjamin	..	..	Army Cyclist Corps
Davidson, Malcolm G.	..	..	Lieut., Cameron Highlanders (wounded 25th September, 1915)
Davies, Tudor	..	..	Engine Room Artificer (R.N.)
Dawes, Lionel F.	..	..	Gloucestershire Hussars
Deane, James B.	..	..	Captain, East Kent Regt. (The Buffs)
*Demuth, Norman F.	..	..	L.R.B. (wounded)
Derry, H. Bromley	..	..	Bandmaster, Middlesex Regt.
Dixon, Charles J.	..	..	(Killed in action, July, 1917)
Dixon-Smith, J.	..	..	Kent Cyclist Batt.
*Dyson, George	..	..	Captain, Middlesex Regt. (Brigade Grenadier Officer)
Ebdon, R. A.	..	..	Artists' Rifles
Evanson, Roger M.	..	..	(Missing since July, 1917)

Eyre, Wilfrid R. B.	..	..	(Killed in action)
Farrar, Ernest	..	..	Grenadier Guards
Fielden, T. P.	..	..	Lieut., R.F.A. (wounded)
Finney, David	..	..	Royal Marines
Foot, Reginald J.	..	..	Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R., H.M.S. Roberts
Foot, William H.	..	..	N.W. Canadians (Bandmaster)
Foreman, Gordon A.	..	..	Canadians
Fox, Douglas G. A.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Gloucesters (wounded)
Garvin, Sidney	..	..	Essex Yeomanry
Garvin, E. T.	..	..	
Gibbs, Geoffrey	..	..	
Goodwin, Seymour T.	..	..	(killed in action April 28, 1917)
Goossens, Adolphe	..	..	2nd Lieut., Norfolk Regt. (died of wounds, Aug. 17th, 1916)
Goossens, Leon J...	..	..	Corporal, Royal Fusiliers
Grimsted, F. Harrison	..	..	Captain, Armoured Train
Gritton, Eric W.	..	..	L.R.B.
Grünbaum, Hyman	..	..	Sportsmen's Battalion, Royal Fusiliers
Gurney, Ivor B.	..	..	Gloucestershire Regt. (wounded)
Green, Topliss	..	..	2nd Lieut., R.F.A. (wounded), (awarded Military Cross, September 20th, 1917)
Hall, Alexander E.	..	..	Civil Service Rifles
Hambleton, Hale	..	..	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Hamilton, Vivian	..	..	Lieut., R.F.A.
Hare, Wilfred J.	..	..	London Regt. Rangers
Harford, Francis J.	..	..	Captain, Manchester Regt.
Harris, W. H.	..	..	Artists' Rifles
Heberden, Arthur C.	..	..	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles (killed in action, July 10, 1917)
Hedges, Arthur	..	..	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers (wounded and prisoner of war)
Heinze, Bernard T.	..	..	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Hosking, H. Noel	..	..	Corporal, Middlesex Regt. (killed in action, July 1st, 1916)
Hope, Noel E.	..	..	Artists' Rifles
Hopper, Arthur C.	..	..	1st Engineer, R.N.A.S.
Howe, Albert P.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers
Hughes, Herbert	..	..	Captain
Hughes, Seth	..	..	
Huntington, John W.	..	..	2nd Lieut., R.O.N.L.I. (three times wounded)
Ireland, Joseph K.	..	..	Captain, Royal Fusiliers (wounded) (missing, 7th October, 1916)
Jackson, Cyril	..	..	R.N.A.S.
Jetties, Leonard S.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Royal Warwicks (wounded)
Jones, H. Dukinfield	..	..	H.A.C. (killed in action, June 16th, 1915)
Kitson, Antony B.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Devonshire Regt.
Kitcher, Samuel	..	..	Middlesex Regt.
Lang, Cyril	..	..	R.F.C.
Le Cornu, Ralph	..	..	2nd Lieut., Dorset Regt.
Leeds, Geoffrey	..	..	O.T.C.
Lock, Harold C.	..	..	Royal Fusiliers (wounded)
Lofthouse, Charles	..	..	2nd Lieut., Manchester Regt.
Mackenzie, Donald	..	..	2nd Lieut., County of London (The Queen's)
Mackness, Claud P.	..	..	2nd Lieut. Gordons (wounded)
Mann, Samuel	..	..	Lance-Corporal, E. Coy, London Regt.
Marchant, Arthur R.	..	..	Essex Regt.



Martin, Leslie C.	..	..	Essex Regiment
Mason, Edward	..	..	Lieut., Northants. Regt. ( <i>killed in action, May 9th, 1915</i> )
Maude, Cyril B.	..	..	R.A.M.C.
Mercer, E. G.	..	..	Lieut.-Colonel, City of London Royal Fusiliers (C.M.G.)
Midgley, Albert	..	..	Royal Fusiliers
Millard, A. G.	..	..	2nd Lieut., East Surrey Regt. ( <i>killed in action, September, 1917</i> )
Minchin, Leonard E.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Tank Corps
Moeran, Ernest J. S.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Norfolk Regt. ( <i>wounded</i> )
Morris, R. O.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry
Morris, Thomas F.	..	..	Flight-Commander, R.N.A.S.
Neden, Harold	..	..	2nd Lieut., Middlesex
Northcote, Sydney	..	..	R.F.A.
Ogilvy, Frederick A.	..	..	Company Sergeant-Major, Repton School O.T.C.
Ord, Bernhard	..	..	2nd Lieut., R.F.C. ( <i>wounded</i> )
Pantling, Jesse C.	..	..	Royal Fusiliers
Parker, Ralph W.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Grenadier Guards
Peatfield, Thomas	..	..	Corpl., King's Royal Rifles
Penty, Norman	..	..	2nd Lieut., K.R.R.C.
Pitts, Francis B.	..	..	Royal Fusiliers
Rhodes, Harold W.	..	..	G.O.C.B.
Robson, John S.	..	..	2nd Lieut.
Retford, Harry	..	..	Artists' Rifles ( <i>killed in action, 28 October, 1917</i> )
Richardson, C. A. M.	..	..	Lieut., R.G.A.
Roper, Eric W.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers ( <i>awarded Military Cross</i> ) ( <i>killed in action</i> )
Ross, Hugh C. M.	..	..	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Rowe, Harry	..	..	2nd Reg. S.A. Infantry
Roxburgh, John R.	..	..	2nd Lieut., West Riding Regt.
Saull, Walter J.	..	..	Queen's Westminsters
Schrempf, Johannes J.	..	..	King's Liverpool Regt.
Seaton, James W. S.	..	..	2nd Lieut., E. Surrey Regt.
Sharpe, Cedric	..	..	2nd Lieut., Glamorgan Yeomanry, attached to M.G. Corps, Heavy Branch
Shaw, Edric	..	..	R.A.M.C.
Shera, Frank H.	..	..	Captain, Malvern College O.T.C.
Shimmin, Sydney G.	..	..	H.C.F.A., R.A.M.C.
Shore, Bernard R.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Rifle Brigade ( <i>wounded</i> )
*Simmons, Charles I.	..	..	City of London Royal Fusiliers
Skeaping, Kenneth	..	..	Royal Marines
Smith, H. Arnold	..	..	Artists' Rifles
Snell, William A. F.	..	..	
Snowden, John K.	..	..	2nd Lieut., West Riding Regt. ( <i>wounded</i> )
Souper, Charles A.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Mon. Regt.
Squire, Barné C.	..	..	Devons
Stewart, Oliver	..	..	Lieut., Royal Flying Corps
Stuart, Kenneth B.	..	..	2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry ( <i>killed in action, Nov. 5th, 1916</i> )
Swan, Richard	..	..	Middlesex Yeomanry
Stubbs, Harry H.	..	..	London Electrical Engineers
Stubbs, Stanley G. P.	..	..	Artists' Rifles ( <i>wounded</i> )
Tatum, John A.	..	..	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifle Corps (in Salonica)

Taylor, Colin M. C.	.. ..	2nd Lieut., Royal Sussex Regt.
Thomas, Christopher J.	.. ..	Lieut., M.G. Corps
Thomas, Percy E.	.. ..	Lieut., R.F.A.
*Thomas, Spencer	.. ..	London Rangers ( <i>wounded</i> )
Thomas, Stephen K.	.. ..	2nd Lieut., Dorsets
Thomas, Thomas	.. ..	London Welsh
*Thompson, Elliot R.	.. ..	Lieut., Manchester Regt.
Thompson, Miles	.. ..	2nd Lieut., Lines. Yeomanry
Thorne, George H.	.. ..	
Timberley, Ronald H.	.. ..	R.F.C.
*Toulinson, Ernest	.. ..	Royal Naval Air Service (Wireless)
Toye, Geoffrey	.. ..	Lieut., Cornwalls
Turner, Francis M. D.	.. ..	Royal Flying Corps
Vaughan-Williams, Ralph	.. ..	R.A.M.C.
Verney, Geoffrey C.	.. ..	R.F.C.
Vinden, Maurice	.. ..	2nd Lieut. Somerset Light Infantry
Walker,	.. ..	
Walters, Ivor	.. ..	Artists' Rifles
Walters, T. Glyn	.. ..	Artists' Rifles
Wanklyn,	.. ..	2nd Lieut., Household Brigade ( <i>killed in action, May, 1917</i> )
Warren, Francis P.	.. ..	2nd Lieut., South Lancashires ( <i>reported missing, July 4th, 1916</i> )
Watson, Albert V.	.. ..	Lieut., A.S.C., attached Cavalry
Webster, Samuel	.. ..	L.-Cpl., R.W. Kents ( <i>wounded</i> )
Weekes, Edmund	.. ..	
Whitaker, Horace St. J.	.. ..	R.A.M.C.
Whitaker, James	.. ..	Royal Navy
White, Howard F.	.. ..	London Rangers, ( <i>wounded, May 4th, 1917</i> )
Whitley, Thomas	.. ..	A.S.C.
Wilkinson, A. B.	.. ..	2nd Lieut., Royal Sussex Regt. ( <i>died of wounds</i> )
Wilson, Henry E.	.. ..	Cambs.
Wilson, Stanley H.	.. ..	
Wiltshire, Walter A.	.. ..	Reigate Grammar School O.T.C.
Wright, Cecil K.	.. ..	Royal Fusiliers ( <i>wounded</i> )
Wright, Roland G.	.. ..	Royal West Surreys
Wright, Denis S.	.. ..	2nd Lieut., M.T., A.S.C. (attached to Serbian Army)
Wynne, Warren	.. ..	
Young, G. Coleman	.. ..	East Surrey Regt.

*Red Cross, &c.*

Aitken, Ruth	Lean, Marjorie N.
Allport, S. Gwendoline (Canteen Work)	Lewis, Ida M.
Bowden-Smith, M.	McCall, Eva
Brett, Nancy	Macfie, Henrietta (Sister, Hospital Ship, "Garth Castle.")
Byles, William J.	Middleton, J. Alice
Capes, Mrs. (Miss M. Thwaites)	Montagn, Lady Olga (Canteen Work, etc.)
Crews, Mrs. (Miss Muriel Thacker)	Morris, Dorothy (Limoges)
(Beaufort Hospital, Bristol)	Morse, Mrs. (Miss Harriet Solly)
Darnell, A. Beatrix (The Michie Hospital, Queen's Gate, S.W.)	Norman, Alice E.
Dodman, Ada (Manchester)	O'Neill, The Hon. Rose
Gotch, Veronica	Othen, Katharine (V.A.D.)
Harrison, Lucy	Randall, Marie L. M. (1st London General Hospital)



Hedges, Geraldine (Romania)  
 Holman, Joyce (Malta)  
 Hutton, Moya W. V.  
 Knox, Doris  
 Lambert, Hannah  
 Lambert, Maude

Raymond, Gladys (Military Hospital,  
 Southampton)  
 Stiven, Ida G.  
 Waddington, Barbara  
 Wilson, Mrs Purcell

*Office Staff*

Back, William H...  
 Cane, R.  
 Crofts, Leslie T.  
 English, E.  
 Griffiths, Reginald C.  
 Hare, Charles P. L.  
 Hatchman, John  
 Leopard, George  
 Pycock, H. R.  
 Peaple, Henry  
 Stammers, Ernest S.  
 Viccars, Joseph C.

Queen's Westminsters  
 London Irish  
 R.F.A.  
 R.G.A.  
 London (T.) Cyclists  
 R.N.A.S.  
 Hussars (*killed*)  
 London Irish  
 Artificer, Artists' Rifles (*died, 20th Feb, 1916*)  
 A.S.C.  
 Royal Navy  
 T.R.

## Musical Careers.

### III.—THE CHURCH ORGANIST.

*"He goes on Sunday to the church  
 And sits among his boys." —LONGFELLOW.*

Sir Francis Burnand, while Editor of *Punch*, once remarked to a friend, "I get a large number of interesting things sent in to me." His friend replied, "Well, why don't you print some of them?"

Now, the reader must not jump to a hasty conclusion, for the career of a church organist, though it may or may not be interesting, is at least tremendously exciting. From the day when he conceived the idea of adopting the career of a church organist (which has always seemed to the writer a most extraordinary thing for anyone to do) down to the present time, his days have been crammed full of violent excitement.

For the sake of those people who do not know an organist when they see one, it might be useful to quote the following which occurred in a book written by a well-known novelist: "He went away down the street looking like an organist." So now we have a distinct picture of him. Musically he has been much maligned and considered conservative. It is untrue and manifestly unfair to think of him from the point of view of musical progress as "the fat old gentleman with rheumatism who stooped in the middle of Piccadilly Circus to pick up a pin with a pair of thick woollen gloves on." Nowadays he is much more likely

to burn his fingers in his extreme haste to catch hold of compositions hot from the Press.

The only man who could have written it has recently told us that the chief thing that happened during the Victorian time was that nothing happened. Maybe that is the reason that church organists have been so eager during the last twenty years to discover some modern music which should be worthy of being added to the old. And they have been conspicuously successful. Of course there was Wesley and . . .

But, to our muttons. We do not know whether the church organist was born of poor but honest parents. What we do know is that he himself is invariably poor and not less honest than the majority of his fellows. And now to his career—his exciting career. As a small boy he was most likely a chorister, singing the treble part usually and the alto part in emergencies. He then found his way to the stool in front of the organ by means of a knowledge of the lever at the back. Afterwards we find him beginning to study the elementary things of the key-boards, stops, and pedals, and accompanying the less important services. "After school" was the only time for practice, during which, on winter evenings, when the verger had drawn the furnaces, the various church-fittings, which had expanded under the influence of heat, would contract and crack. In the darkness of the church our young friend could hear them doing it. This was tremendously exciting. Seizing the hand of his younger brother, who had supplied the wind under the promise of two white mice, he would hurry along the shadowy aisles, open the heavy door, thankfully close it behind him and lock it with the enormous key. Thence out into the church-yard, where, among the ghostly tomb-stones, white forms were to be seen silently moving. These were the "muttons" to which reference has already been made. This may not be interesting; but it was tremendously exciting.

Following this period, and with a limited amount of practical knowledge of a church choir gained from inside, he started in earnest to learn to play the organ and study music generally. If he were sensible and fortunate he entered the R.C.M., and had lessons in Room 83 upon an organ, the contents of which gave forth sounds resembling those produced by a cuckoo-clock. If he wished to make more sound he drew a stop which Sir Walter familiarly designated "The Cow." The organ students had another name for it. These young organists have been known to throw



their limbs wildly about in all directions at this instrument, their hair ferociously tumbling over their moist foreheads while, during the performance of a dithyrambic composition, they have made frantic efforts to reach a great climax and the great-to-pedals at the same time. But all in vain. The "Cow" mildly and disinterestedly lowed. The wooden cuckoos blandly replied. (Possibly these frantic and wild actions are the cause of the word "career" at the head of this article.)

But then came the splendid concert-hall instrument. The organist came downstairs; but he rose in importance. He encountered more stops; but his rate of progress became more rapid. He was represented in the busy throng of musical workers. The sun had risen upon his erstwhile obscurity. He was a proud man. When the instrument was new the Director often invited his friends to hear it, and on these occasions he was sometimes heard to say as he walked through the corridor, "We'll get one of the boys to play to us." The "boys" within earshot immediately disappeared furtively and with some quiet haste down the stair-case, for the embryonic church organist was shy in those days. Perhaps he has deteriorated since then.

It has always seemed curious that our subject is invariably termed a church "organist;" for he does almost everything else except play an organ. If he compare choir-rehearsing, teaching, and pianoforte accompanying to his actual necessary organ playing, he must agree that his title is, at least, incomprehensive. He is usually nameless, and, like our old acquaintance the 'point,' sometimes has no magnitude, for he is merely referred to as the 'organist' and the Press has a favourite expression which runs, "As the bride and bridegroom left the church the organ played the Wedding March." To some retiring natures this impersonal life is ideal, and in such an atmosphere they revel and thrive; but to others publicity would seem to be an essential thing. It is these latter who sigh as they murmur, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

But just imagine for a moment that it is Friday. Any Friday will do if it is in term-time. Our friend will perhaps have finished his lesson, during which the "young gentleman has insisted on placing his feet upon the wrong pieces of wood," and he goes with those big ideals with which he is now inspired to some outlying parish church to conduct his "Full" rehearsal. Upon his arrival at the church he finds, upon the piano, a note, the wording of which may be as follows: "Tomy carnt

come tonite has he as know boots." "Tomy" is a jolly little boy with a good voice, and is responsible for the solo part in Sunday's anthem. The following question now arises: Shall the anthem be abandoned, or shall the organist buy "Tomy" a pair of boots? Youth and enthusiasm most likely result in his counting the contents of his pocket and in his coming to the conclusion that the anthem is well worth his week's pay. For he is but "passing rich" on the well-known sum. Then follows the weekly "Full" rehearsal, and maybe some ten voluntary tenors and basses are in attendance. Our organist never hears an alto part in these early days unless he has boys able enough to sustain it.

Sunday arrives, and with it little "Tomy" and his new boots. Ten basses and tenors also are there. But these ten singers may be almost an entirely different selection from those of Friday evening. The attendance of some voluntary singers is as rare as are icicles on the Gold Coast. Mr Jones, it transpires the following week, was detained on business in Glasgow. Mr Smith had to go to Exeter. "The wife was ill" says another. Meanwhile the service has fallen a long way short of the intended standard, and the church organist does not find things very interesting. But they are tremendously exciting. There is a legend which is that Friday has been considered an unlucky day ever since church organists arranged to hold the weekly "Full" rehearsal on that evening.

The next phase shows our more experienced church musician amid more congenial surroundings. He has been appointed to a post where he has the advantage of a professional choir. His work with the boys will still be very hard, for he very rarely has the benefit of a choir school, and at the age of fourteen his leading boys cease their attendance at rehearsals and give their time to a mysterious thing which they term "business." (This "business," whatever it is, always seems to demand a bowler hat. Now surely one of the most grotesque things is a boy of fourteen, with a round, red, chubby face, surmounted by a bowler hat. Unfortunately, the bowler hat is the least of his "business" appurtenances. But let us wait and see what the new Education Act will do.) The men who compose this choir may not be endowed with remarkable musical gifts; but regular attendance is now an assured thing, and, as the textbooks say, "under these conditions good results can be achieved."

Another source of tremendous excitement may be found in organising an amateur orchestra and employing it in connection with the church



services. Open-air orchestral services are a constant fund of excitement. At the moment when a vigorous entry of the string basses is expected these two instruments may be seen leaning disinterestedly against the church wall while the should-be players are bumping their heads together beneath a neighbouring bush in an endeavour to retrieve their part which has been wafted away by a summer zephyr. Or it may rain. It may rain very hard. The band may, one at a time, run for shelter, the while the conductor remains to conduct a Flauto Secondo, who alone of all the players has provided himself with a waterproof. This also may or may not be interesting; but it is most exciting.

The lot of the church organist often seems, in comparison with his best aspirations, to be a hard one and far removed from his heart's desire. He sometimes must suffer much that is bad. All organs are not instruments of joy, and the words of all hymns are not written by George Herbert or Watts. He must make the best of the solo voices which his choir contains, and most times they are very bad. When he has made boys useful vocally he finds that parents send them to cathedral choirs, and he must listen to wrapt but ignorant people who refer to "Ascribe" as "that pretty little thing of Wesley's."

Notwithstanding all this, he will find the work with his choir most attractive and absorbing. He will discover a crowd of little occurrences in connection with his duties which are most fascinating. He may find the inflated importance of some stupid church official exceedingly funny. On the whole, he should be happy. If he be unhappy—if he dislike his work—if he be of a lazy disposition—if boys and their alert natures annoy him—if choirmen irritate him—if he desire to make money—he has mistaken his vocation.

\* \* \*

One or two personal stories in connection with "special" services may perhaps be permitted. They throw an illumination on the views still to be found in some minds with regard to church music.

At a military funeral service I was asked to play the regimental march at the close of the service. The deceased officer was one of a Scottish regiment, and the request was put to me in the following words: "When the service is over, play 'The Cock o' the North,' and *make it sound as much like bag-pipes as possible.*"

On another occasion Bach's S. Matthew "Passion" was to be sung, and owing to the church being full, the doors were closed before the service began. While passing some people who had been unable to gain admission, I overheard the following dialogue :—

"It's too bad, after coming such a long way."

"Never mind, dear, let's go to the pictures *instead*."

\* \* \*

But it is Sunday morning, five minutes before service time. The door of the practice-room opens to admit the verger, whose countenance can best be described as gleeful. He makes one of two remarks, either "the blower ain't come yet," or "your injin ain't workin', and there's no wind for your orgin." This information may not be at all interesting, but it is refreshingly exciting.

SYDNEY W. TOMS.

S. James's Church, Piccadilly.

## College Concerts

I do

*Protest my ears were never better fed*

*With such delightful pleasing harmony.*—SHAKESPEARE

*Thursday, October 25th*

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|---|---|
| <p>1. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in E flat major, Op. 47 . . . . . Schumann<br/>KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar), A.R.C.M.<br/>DORIS HORTON (Director's Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.<br/>SYBIL MATRIN, A.R.C.M.<br/>S. DOROTHY THURTELL (Gowland Harris Exhib.), A.R.C.M.</p> <p>2. a. RECITATIVE &amp; AIR—<br/>Lascia ch'io pianga . . . . . Handel<br/>b. SONG . . . O Mistress mine . . . . . R. Quiller<br/>GLADYS L. BULL</p> <p>3. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS<br/>a. Romance, Op. 15 . . . . . MacDowell<br/>b. Rondo, Op. 91 . . . . . Dvorak<br/>EDWARD J. ROBINSON (Scholar)</p> | <p>4. PIANOFORTE SOLO—<br/>Variations on a Theme by Paganini . . . . . Brahms<br/>DOROTHY T. DAVIES (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.</p> <p>5. SONGS a. My heart's in the Highland . . . . . Schumann<br/>b. The Enchanted Valley . . . . . arr. C. Wood<br/>c. Blossoms . . . . . W. Y. Hurlstone<br/>LILLIAN MCCARTHY (Liverpool Scholar)</p> <p>6. ORGAN SOLO Prelude and Fugue (B.A.C.H.) . . . . .<br/>MARY TREATLYAN (Exhibitioner)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Accompanists—<br/>KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar), A.R.C.M.<br/>CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE</p> |
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*Thursday, November 8th*

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| <p>1. QUARTET for Strings, in F major, Op. 41, No. 2 . . . . . Schumann<br/>PEARL MICHAELSOHN (Scholar)<br/>MARGARET HARRISON<br/>SYBIL MATRIN, A.R.C.M.<br/>EDITH M. LAKE (Dove Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> <p>2. SONGS a. In a rose bush I was born . . . . . arr. by<br/>b. My brown boy . . . . . Korbay<br/>c. Creation's Hymn . . . . . Beethoven<br/>FELVYN E. FAY (Exhibitioner)</p> <p>3. DUET for Two Pianofortes—<br/>Sonata in B flat major, No. 1 . . . . . Clementi<br/>MARIE L. JOHNSON (Clementi Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.<br/>HILDA M. KLEIN (Clementi Exhibitioner)</p> <p>4. SONGS—<br/>a. Hindu Song (from "Sadko") . . . . . Rimsky-Korsakov<br/>b. The Throstle . . . . . M. F. White<br/>ISABEL PAXSON (Scholar)</p> | <p>5. VIOLIN SOLOS a. Poem . . . . . Fibich-Kubelick<br/>b. Polonaise in D . . . . . Wieniawski<br/>FREDERICK C. HOLDING (Morley Scholar)</p> <p>6. SONGS a. Charming Chloe . . . . . E. German<br/>b. Leezie Lindsay . . . . . Old Scottish<br/>MARGARET CHAMPNYS, A.R.C.M.</p> <p>7. PIANOFORTE SOLO—<br/>Prelude and Fugue . . . . . T. Nielsen<br/>DORIS S. FILL (Knyllmark Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> <p>8. ORGAN SOLO—<br/>Toccata, Adagio and Fugue, in C major . . . . . Bach<br/>JAMES E. WALLACE (George Carter Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Accompanists—<br/>KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar), A.R.C.M.<br/>HILDA M. KLEIN (Clementi Exhibitioner)<br/>CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE<br/>JAMES E. WALLACE (George Carter Scholar), A.R.C.M.</p> |
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*Tuesday, November 13th*

1. OVERTURE Barber of Seville .. Rossini
2. CONCERTO for Clarinet & Orchestra, in A major .. Mozart  
CHARLES D. MATTHEWS (Scholar)
3. SONG .. La Captive .. Berlioz  
DOROTHY M. SMITHARD (Scholar)

1. SYMPHONY, No. 5, in B flat .. T. Glazounov  
Conductor—  
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., F.R.S., M.A., Mus. Doc.

*Thursday, November 22nd*

1. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in D minor, Op. 27 .. Thomas Dunhill (ex-Scholar)  
HILDA M. KLEIN (Clementi Exhibitioner)  
NANCY F. PHILLIPS (Gowland Harrison Exh.), A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS a. Queen Mary's Song .. E. Elgar  
b. Come, let's be merry .. arr. by Laure Wilson  
BARBARA E. A. SAMUEL (Scholar)
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—  
a. Chant du Ménestrel .. A. Glazounov  
b. Scherzo .. James Friskin (ex-Scholar)  
EDITH M. CHURTON (Scholar)

4. PIANOFORTE SOLO—  
Polonaise-Fantaisie, Op. 61 .. Chopin  
YVONNE M. SAWYER (Exhibitioner)
5. SONG CYCLE Miniature Ballads II, Y. Hurlston  
FRANK R. McLELLAND (Bruce Scholar)
6. TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings, in F minor, Op. 65 .. Czerny, E. M. Dixon .. Dvorak  
FREDERICK C. HOLDING (Morley Scholar)  
EDITH M. LAKE (Dove Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
Accompanists—  
HILDA M. KLEIN (Clementi Exhibitioner)  
MARGARET CHISHOLM, A.R.C.M.  
CONSTANCE STOCKMIDGE

*Thursday, November 29th*

1. QUARTET for Strings, in B flat, Op. 130 .. Beethoven  
MARGARET L. HARRISON  
PEARL MICHAELSON (Scholar)  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
S. DOROTHY THURPL (Gowland Harrison Exh.), A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS .. a. A Coronet .. R. Quilter  
b. Linden Lea R. T'aughan-Williams  
RUTH HOSKIN
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS—  
a. Romance in F sharp .. Schumann  
b. Polonaise in A flat .. Chopin  
GEORGE T. BALL (Clark Scholar), A.R.C.M.

1. SONGS .. Christmas Songs .. Cornelius  
KATHLEEN MARRWELL
5. SONATA, in A major, for Violin and Pianoforte .. Handel  
MANUS O'DONNELL (Victoria Scholar)  
MARGARET CHISHOLM, A.R.C.M.
6. ORGAN SOLO Allegro appassionato and Finale from Sonata, No. 1 .. Basil Harwood  
SAMUEL J. CHING (Scholar)  
Accompanist—  
CONSTANCE STOCKMIDGE

*Monday, December 10th*

1. OVERTURE .. Medea .. Cherubini
2. AIR .. Voi, che sapete (Figaro) .. Mozart  
MARGUERITE ECHENAGRI, A.R.C.M.
3. CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra—  
No. 4, in G major, Op. 58 .. Beethoven  
FLORENCE C. MCGILL (Scholar)

1. SCENE .. Ave Maria .. Max Bruch  
Ethel R. McLELLAND (Bruce Scholar)
5. SYMPHONY .. Harold in Italy .. Berlioz  
Solo Viola: EUSTACE TOMLINSON  
Conductor—  
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., F.R.S., M.A., Mus. Doc.

**Obituary.****WILLIAM STEVENSON HOYTE.**

We much regret to record the death, after a very long and trying illness, of Dr W. S. Hoyte, the distinguished organist, who was for many years a professor of organ and choir-training at the College. Dr Hoyte was born in 1844. He was organist at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, from 1868 till 1907, during which time he became widely famous as an accomplished player. His death occurred on July 27th last.

**CORPORAL H. NOEL HOSKING.**

Many Collegians will hear with sorrow of the death, in action, of H. Noel Hosking, who was a student at the College from September 1910 until the summer of 1914. He was the son of Mr and Mrs Frederic Hosking, of Church End, Finchley, was educated at University College School (first in Gower Street and afterwards at Hampstead), and on entering the College studied singing with Mr Visetti, piano with the late Mr Graham Moore, and theory with Dr Wood and Mr Waddington.

He enlisted in August 1914, being one of the first to join the 16th (Public Schools) Battalion, Middlesex Regt. During 1915 he put in his application for a commission, an application that bore our Director's signature, but, tired of waiting, he withdrew his papers, and went to France with the Battalion in November 1915. He was promoted Corporal in March, 1916, and died in the attack on the Beaumont-Hamel-Serre

line on July 1st, 1916. For some months his name was in the missing list. His death was apparently ascertained only on the clearing up of that ground in the spring of 1917, and his parents received his identification disc in August last.

Keen in his studies, and full of enthusiasm for those who taught him, Noël Hosling's period of studentship was a very happy one, and all who knew him at College will feel much sympathy with his parents, who, after so long a period of suspense, have received such sorrowful tidings.

#### CAPTAIN E. W. COSTER, M.C.

All Collegians who knew Captain Coster will regret to hear that he fell in action on the Western Front on September 26th. He joined the ranks of the H.A.C. in May, 1915, and went to France in August of the same year. While in France he was given a commission in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in March, 1916, and four months later he gained the Military Cross at Givenchy, and was given command of a Company in recognition of his services. The official report concerning the action for which he was decorated is as follows:—"For conspicuous gallantry when leading his party forward to the attack during a raid. He reorganised other parties which had lost their officers, threw bombs continually, and it was largely due to his cool courage that the raid was a success."

From 1902 to 1906 Ernest Coster held the post of assistant-organist at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where he also sang in the choir. He resigned in order to devote the whole of his time to the study of music, and entered the College, where he studied the organ with Sir Walter Parratt and singing with Mr Garcia. He left the College some seven years ago, and was appointed to an organ post at Ealing, having in the meantime taken both the College and the Academy diplomas.

He represented the College regularly at football, and he was always a staunch supporter of the team.

Utterly fearless and possessed of a strong determination, he was at all times modest and invariably a loyal and firm friend. The following extracts from letters addressed to Mrs Coster by his Colonel and other officers will be of interest, showing, as they do, that the qualities necessary to the making of an efficient officer were possessed by him to a remarkable degree.

"He served me for nine months most brilliantly. His services last June year at Givenchy and in High Wood were great. He was a born leader, which, combined with his cheeriness of manner, had a wonderful effect on the men, who worshipped him. Just before I was hit, a deputation came to me from his Company specially asking that he might be brought forward for award. This is unusual, but will give you an idea of his popularity. I feel very very sad at his loss, as we were friends, and I had the greatest admiration for him." From a former Colonel.

"He was a man of excellent character, and his death is keenly felt in this Battalion, for he was such an efficient Company Commander, and his men had such confidence in him as leader, that they would follow him anywhere. I lived in close touch with him during the last eight months, and can testify to his sterling qualities both as an officer and comrade. I owe him a debt of gratitude for the assistance he always rendered to the musical part of the Sunday services. -From the Chaplain.

"I cannot tell you how much he will be missed in this Battalion, where, as you know, he has for so long skilfully and gallantly commanded a Company. I trust that the fact that he was killed during a successful attack on the enemy may in some way help to alleviate the very great grief which has befallen you. We could not afford to lose Captain Coster, and I am very very sorry." From the Colonel Commanding Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

A circumstance which makes this event doubly sad is the fact that Captain Coster's only brother fell in action in Africa at the same time. Captain Coster was married only a short time ago, and the sympathy of all Collegians will go out to his wife and his parents in their bereavement.



## 2ND LIEUT. CLAUD P. MACKNESS.

Just as the Magazine goes to Press the sad intelligence is to hand of the death of Claud P. Mackness, who was wounded over a year ago. It may be remembered that while he was still a student at College he won the certificate for Life Saving from the Royal Humane Society, which was presented to him by the Director at the opening of term—an event duly recorded in the magazine. It is hoped that more particulars of his career may be available for the next issue.

### The R.C.M. Union

*"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented."*—LONGFELLOW.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**Important Notice.**—Hitherto the Annual General Meeting has been merely a business function followed by half an hour's tea and talk amongst Members, but as the big "At Home" had to be given up last summer on account of War conditions, the Committee has resolved to enlarge the scope of the forthcoming Annual General Meeting on Jan. 17th, and has the pleasure of announcing that Mr Plunket Greene has most kindly and generously consented to give a short Lecture that afternoon on "The Singing of Songs," with illustrations.

The exact programme of proceedings is as follows:—

Annual General Meeting on Thursday, January 17th, in the  
R.C.M. Concert Hall.

3.30. Business Meeting.

4.15. Tea and Coffee.

4.45. Mr Plunket Greene will give a short Lecture on "The Singing of Songs," with illustrations.

At the Piano—Mr S. Liddle.

R.S.V.P. cards of admission are being sent to all Union Members, who are earnestly requested to reply to the Hon. Secretary at College as early as possible.

## ELECTION OF LOAN FUND COMMITTEE

At the Union Committee Meeting on Dec. 7th, the Loan Fund Committee for the ensuing year was appointed, Mr M. Muir Mackenzie being elected to the place-left vacant by the death of Mr Charles Morley, and the rest of the Loan Fund Committee being re-elected.

## ELECTIONS TO COMMITTEE

Three casual vacancies have occurred on the Union Committee owing to Miss Gertrude Higgs, Mr Herbert Howells, and Mr Frederick Taylor having ceased to be present pupils of the College; Miss Doris Eady, Miss Mary Trevelyan, and Miss Helen T. Young were elected at the Committee Meeting on Dec. 7th, to fill these vacancies.

## R.C.M. MAGAZINE

Readers of the R.C.M. Magazine who wish to buy additional or single copies can obtain them from Mr C. Perry in the central office at College, price 6d. each.

## LOST LETTERS

Members of the R.C.M. Union who have sent their Annual Subscriptions and have not received a receipt are urgently requested to communicate with the Hon. Treasurer, as owing to the present difficulties of the postal service mistakes may have arisen through non-delivery of letters.

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

A. BEATRIX DARNELL, *Hon. Treasurer.*

## Reviews

## SEVERN AND SOMME.

By Ivor Gurney. Sidgwick and Jackson Ltd., 2/6 net.

On November 15th a certain small book of poetry called "Severn and Somme" made its debut in the world, and in spite of the fact that there are now so many volumes of Soldier Poetry before the public, it at once made a distinctive place for itself beside the very best. To Collegians this has a special interest, for the book is by a Collegian, one of ourselves—Ivor Gurney, who held a Composition Scholarship at the R.C.M. up to the time when he joined the Gloucester Regiment in February, 1915. His name is still on the books of College as a present pupil with leave of absence.

Readers of the Magazine will recollect the poems by him which have appeared in its pages, and the Editor and Committee take keen pleasure in the realization of their hope that some day the College Magazine would be the means of discovering a new poet; while Collegians may further take pride in the fact that College has given the only musician-poet to that brilliant group of New Elizabethians (as they have been called), which includes such names as Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell, Siegfried Sassoon, Charles Sorley, F. W. Harvey, Robert Nichols, Robert Graves, and others.

This being so, it has been suggested to me by the Editor that instead of a mere review, Collegians may prefer to have some account of the book and its making.

To begin then with its outward appearance. It is a small, conveniently-shaped volume, and by a happy circumstance (not altogether accidental), its red cover and white label exactly represent the R.C.M. colours.

On opening the book, the reader will see that it contains a Preface and forty-six poems, the title "Severn and Somme" giving a general indication of their nature,

though the best clue to the poems, the spirit in which they were written and the spirit in which they should be read, lies in the Preface—surely as original a one as ever was penned, and instinct with humour, independence, and love of Gloucestershire.

From this we pass on to the poems themselves. Only three were written in England, during training in 1915, *viz.*, "To the Poet before Battle," "Afterwards," and the "Carol"; but soon after Ivor Gurney went to France with his battalion, in May 1916, came the sonnet "To England—A Note," and from that time onwards the poems followed each other steadily, written just for the pure joy of beauty and as a refuge from the sordid hideousness of war. "Active Service" manuscripts, pencilled on odd scraps of paper, at all odd times and places, and often brown with trench mud.

For instance, the noble poem "To Certain Comrades," which opens the book, was written in a dug-out of a front line trench during a terrific bombardment, and I believe "Strange Service" had a similar origin. Strange conditions indeed! Yet those poems are among the best in the book. The first named has something of the ring of ancient Rome in its splendid dignity, but the moving music of its verse—(and a very unusual form of stanza is employed, extraordinarily suggestive of the cadences into which deep emotion falls)—is wholly English.

"Winter Beauty" is full of loveliness, woven of the radiance of poetry, music, and stars, as the following verse will show:—

"But since the trees have long since lost their green,

And I, an exile, can but dream of things

Grown magic in the mind, I watch the sheen

Of frost and hear the song Orion sings,

And hear the star-born passion of Beethoven;

Man's consolation sung on the quivering strings."

Yet, by an exquisite incongruity, the original draft arrived in an almost undecipherable condition, and smelling violently of grease, as a hot bully-beef tin had exploded over it.

"Firelight" was written in a rest billet in just such circumstances as the poem describes, though the poet omits to mention that the weather was so bitterly cold he and "the boys" had to sleep in their full equipment and the cocoa froze in the mess tins before morning!

"The Mother" had rather a curious history. Written as an impromptu in a letter during a time of great strain on the Somme, it was so completely forgotten by its author that when he saw a copy again a month or two later he could not even recollect it was his own.

The "Song of Pain and Beauty" came out of the longest, hardest, most unendurable time the battalion ever had in trenches, in hideously desolate country, where the only thing of beauty was the undefeated spirit of the men themselves.

So, bit by bit, the book grew, till last summer it reached completion with the "Song at Morning," first thought of in a June dawn, when, from a front line trench, the poet watched a hill village very famous in battle annals. The poem opens with such spacious lines that I cannot resist quoting them:

"Praise for the day's magnificent uprising!

Praise for the cool

Air and the blue new-old ever-surprising

Face of the sky, and mirrored blue of the pool."

And also those lines in which the wonderful unity of all things is expressed thus in a few words:

"Quiet me then.

Thy will is binding on the nearest flower

As on the farthest star; and what shall put me

Out of Thy power, or from Thy guidance far,

Though I in hell of my self-will would shut me?"



Such poetry is of the permanent stuff of things, and gives promise that Ivor Gurney has powers which will go from strength to strength.

In surveying the book as a whole, the critical may pronounce that the technique is tentative in a few places and rough in others. But such roughnesses as exist seem to spring not from any lack of innate power, but rather from vivid thoughts not yet wholly harmonized with utterance, from an ardent, almost headlong artistic temperament, and from an instinctive preference for the modern use of the stresses and not the syllables as the unit of metre. Besides, Army-life exacts such a toll of time for polishing buttons that not much remains for polishing verse! The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive.

That the poems contain a vital element is proved by the fact that different readers nearly always select different poems for their favourites. Some prefer those in which the names and thoughts of Gloucestershire are made into music, as in that little song which seems breathed out upon a sigh:—

" Only the wanderer  
Knows England's graces,  
Or can anew see clear  
Familiar faces,  
And who loves joy as he  
That dwells in shadows?  
Do not forget me quite,  
O Severn meadows.

Others, again, prefer such verses as those addressed to the men of a certain Company of the Gloucesters:

" O never lads were merrier  
Nor straighter nor more fine,  
Though we were only 'Terrier'  
And only 'Second Line.' "  
" O I may get to Blighty,  
Or hell, without a sign  
Of all the love that filled me,  
Leave dumb the love that filled me,  
The flood of love that filled me  
For these dear comrades of mine."

But both for matter and manner the majority of readers will probably turn most often to the poems written in the flexible modern type of stanza (where Ivor Gurney has assimilated Yeats's methods to such good purpose) and to the sonnets. A recent critic has declared that the sonnet is the cornerstone of English poetry: if this be the case, then Ivor Gurney has certainly builded well and truly, for the "Sonnets 1917" are the crown of his book—forceful, sensitive, sincere. They should be read in their entirety, but the octave of "England the Mother" may be quoted:—

" We have done our utmost, England, terrible  
And dear taskmistress, darling mother and stern.  
The unnoticed nations praise us, but we turn  
Firstly, only to thee—" Have we done well?  
Say, are you pleased? "—and watch your eyes that tell  
To us all secrets, eyes sea-deep that burn  
With love so long denied; with tears discern  
The scars and haggard look of all that hell."

Since this is a review of a musician's book in a musician's Magazine, no quotation is more apt to conclude with than the lines from "Spring, Ronen, May 1917"—a poem which speaks of the time to come in that new England which lies beyond the Wall.

" Spring shall blot out all traces of old care ;  
 Her clonds of green and waves of gold among  
 We shall grow free of heart, and great, and young  
 Be made anew in that Great Resurrection,  
 Perfect as is the violet's perfection,  
 Perfect as she  
 Who sanctifies our memory with sorrow,  
 Hugs, as a mother hugs, the thoughts that harrow  
 Watching for dawn, hungering for the morrow  
 Lone oversea . . .  
 I am dumb now, dumb,  
 But in that time what music shall not come ?  
 Mother of Beauty, Mistress of the Sea."

As a friend, brilliant both as a musician and soldier, said to Ivor Gurney not long ago, " We can only think and feel these things : you say them for us."

M.M.S.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE YEAR BOOK PRESS.

(31 Museum Street, W.C.)

*At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners.* 7-part motet. By C. Hubert H. Parry. This forms the fifth of the group of motets called " Songs of Farewell " begun by Sir Hubert Parry some 3 years ago. They represent an ascending scale of power and beauty ; and this one is one of its composer's finest and most moving compositions. The aim he sets himself is very high — to give to noble words the music that shall bring out and even heighten their beauty — and this aim is amply fulfilled. Such a vivid picture as the first and second sections present has perhaps never before been achieved with unaccompanied voices, shorn of all assistance from orchestral colour. The section beginning " And you whose eyes shall behold God " is full of beautiful phrases that are a joy to sing ; while even the composer, whose choral writing is one of the joys of English music, has never surpassed — perhaps never before reached — the touching beauty of the last section with its wonderful break and change of time at the end, that gives the words a solemn wistfulness of appeal that goes to the heart. Altogether a great work.

*The Masque of the Shoe.* By Thomas F. Dunhill. (2/6) A most attractive little work, written with real sympathy for small children, and appreciation of what will appeal to them. All the characters have solos that they will enjoy and that are easily within their compass, both of voice and of intelligence. One of the most charming is allotted to " Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," which has delightful little accompanying passages suggesting pipe music. There are also dances of varying kinds — always a great point in these little plays ; and the libretto is a very happy blend of the familiar nursery rhymes with other words designed to amplify them and to make a continuous story. Altogether a little work that will be a real boon to those who have small children to teach and who wish to give them something well worth their singing. E.M.D.

*Sweet Suffolk Owl.* By Sydney Marston. The quaint words here receive a very appropriate setting ; and one that, though simple, demands a sympathetic rendering. In that respect the song will be a valuable addition to music for classes. Miss Sydney Marston was a student at the College until a year or two ago, and is well remembered as an excellent pianist.

*Jack and Joan.* By Charles Wood. There is a cheery English feeling about this song which will appeal to those who want good rhythmical songs for their classes, and the words are, like all that this composer chooses, interesting and original.

*Sailing Song.* By C. V. Stanford. This is a poetical little song that gives effective passages to both parts to sing, and, if studied with due regard for the length of the phrases, it will be of great use to the Singing Classes for whom it is intended.

## AN INTRODUCTION TO FRENCH MUSIC

By G. Jean-Aubry. Translated by Percy A. Scholes. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C. Price 2/- net.)

This is a pleasant and most timely little book. Making no pretensions to being a history of French music, it contrives to pack a good deal of useful matter into its short chapters, which are concisely written, and give us a good idea of the historical sequence of the best music of France. The chapter on the Harpsichordists of the 17th and 18th centuries is extremely interesting, and gives us much information that we are glad to receive. The author's allusion to François Couperin, however, as "a master who may safely be placed beside Bach and Scarlatti" is curious, inasmuch as few would care to place Scarlatti beside Bach to begin with, and so the comparison seems to lose its meaning.

The importance of Berlioz as a pioneer is duly emphasised, and the great influence of César Franck upon the music of his disciples and successors is also given appropriate prominence. One is also delighted to see due homage paid to the genius of Fauré, one of the greatest composers of modern times, and unquestionably the most distinguished living writer of chamber music.

It is strange, perhaps, to find only a passing mention, in a couple of lines, of Bizet—surely one of the most brilliant and most typical of French composers, as well as one of the most influential. On the whole, however, M. Jean-Aubry's comments are proportionately adjusted.

We can pay Mr Percy Scholes the greatest compliment it is possible to bestow upon a translator by saying that the book does not strike one as being a translation at all.

## BEETHOVEN

A Lecture by W. H. Hadow, Mus. Doc. (Humphrey Millord, University Press. Price 1/6 net.)

Many will welcome this pamphlet, in which the lecture given by Dr. Hadow under the auspices of the British Academy last June appears complete in printed form. Dr. Hadow's essays on Modern Music are well-known and highly valued by professional as well as by amateur musicians. This lecture exhibits all the mastery and all the literary grace one is led to expect from so able a writer, and it will rank high in Beethoven bibliography.

**The Great French Railway Game.**

*"Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all."*—RUSKIN.

## § I. ITS CONCEPTION.

I was not there on the opening day, but, after serious research, I think I can safely state, without fear of contradiction, that the Great French Railway Game had its conception—at least—on the day that the great President unveiled the long miles of shining rails leading from — to — (no names please.—CENSOR).

I can find no record as to whose was the great, though perverted brain which saw in a flash the possibilities of a true National sport.

It is now no secret (then it ought to be.—CENSOR) that the inspiration came when our unknown benefactor saw — a shunt.



## § II. THE SHUNT.

Shunts are varied and interesting. There are (a) the shunt "ordinary," (b) the shunt "rampant," and (c) the shunt "dormant."

(a) The shunt "ordinary" is used to prevent a train arriving at any station at the scheduled time. It is a Continental invention, and consists in moving an entire train, with engine attached, twenty yards in the opposite direction to that in which it was going, all for no apparent reason. Move train back again to original position and repeat as in preceding sentence, *ad lib.*\*

(b) When you wake up in hospital you can be practically certain that you have been in a truck which, lately or not, as the case may be (according to the period of unconsciousness) had been subject to a shunt "rampant." The shunt "rampant" consists in hurling a comparatively long train (moving at express speed) at a solitary truck, causing the latter to bound along the rails with frightful velocity, until it stops against the nearest signal-box, having first left the rails. Its *raison d'être* is vague, but it possesses the undeniable benefit of doing away with window-cleaning, all glass being completely shattered at the outset. On the truck's arriving at the signal-box a note of triumph is sounded on a small horn by an undersized man in civilian clothing, wearing on his lapel the *Légion d'Honneur*, the *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre* (with palms).

(c) The shunt "dormant" consists in uncoupling a few carriages at a disused siding, where they lie forgotten for an indefinite period, the object being to make a journey of ten miles last for five or more hours. It adds to the diversion of the officials if the carriages are not lighted, and if food be unobtainable within a radius of five miles, taking the siding as the centre of the circle.

## § III. THE OBJECTS OF THE GAME.

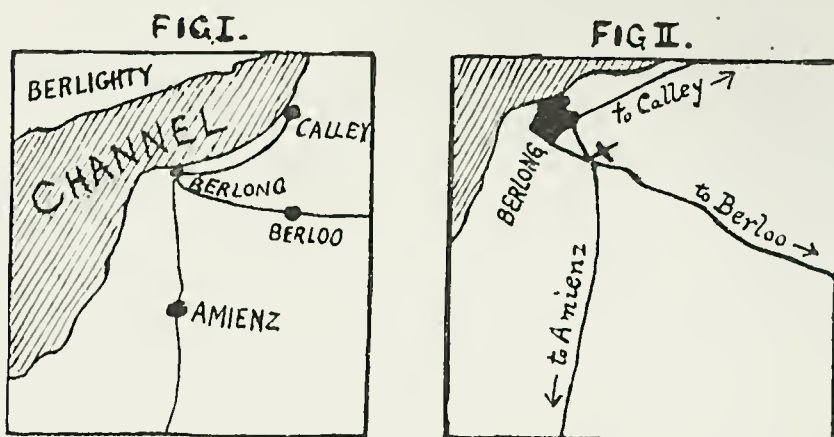
1. To prevent the arrival of any train at its destination at the scheduled hour.
2. To prevent Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of the British Army hurrying at excessive speed to Blighty when on their biennial leave.

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\* A little zest can be added if the last few trucks are left across a level-crossing after shunting. Thus, every time the train moves, the hopes of people wishing to cross are raised and lowered accordingly.

## § IV. METHODS OF PREVENTING SAME.

It is here that the uses of the shunt become apparent. For example: (See Fig. 1.) The contesting trains leave BERLOO and AMIENZ with the idea of eventually arriving at BERLONG and CALLEY respectively. It is the *idée fixe* of the contestants to circumvent the opposing train's arrival to time. Let us suppose that we are on the BERLOO-BERLONG train. (See Fig. 2) Now if we arrive at the point X and prevent the AMIENZ-



CALLEY express crossing our line, we achieve our object, someone blows a horn and we score one point. Of course, there is no ill-feeling, so we break our train in two to allow our opponent to proceed. Having caused our own train to be late by this act of gallantry, and having also caused all the British soldiers to miss that day's boat, we score an extra point. If by chance we had caused the opposing train to arrive at any point on the line in time for a really splendid collision, on its engine exploding we should score ten, with an additional point for every hundred casualties (deaths to be not less than  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ ).

## § V. THE RULES OF THE GAME AND FORFEITS.

1. No move of any description will take place until a note is sounded on a horn by the *Chef de Gare*.
2. The engine driver will not leave the train to visit his relations *en route* unless it can be proved that he has not seen his family for a period exceeding 20 hours. Forfeit: 1 point.
3. There must be at least one survivor after a shunt "dormant."

4. There must be no survivor after a shunt "rampant."
5. If any compensation be paid after a collision caused in the interests of the contestants, 100 points will be forfeited for every 5 francs paid.

#### § VI. CONCLUSION.

Of course, this thesis is, of necessity, incomplete, but, as it is the first which has appeared since the inauguration of the game, I will leave it to the men of research of some future generation to delve deeper into the intricacies and fascinations of the game.

P.S.—If that usually courteous and amiable gentleman, the French *Chef de Gare*, shows signs and makes noises of exasperation when asked any question appertaining to his station, please be tolerant. He has no doubt lost rather heavily on the game, for I regret to say that "professionalism" has crept in, and has sullied this otherwise great sport.

P.P.S.—I think I ought to add, in the interests of the *Entente Cordiale*, that when a train is scheduled to wait 50 minutes at a large junction, having taken all your baggage to the station half an hour before the train is timed to depart (in order to assure your obtaining a corner seat), and having placed your luggage in the guard's van, you repair to the bookstall in order to buy *La Vie Parisienne* or the *Théâtre de Racine*, according to your taste, you return to find the train has left ten minutes before the scheduled hour, please be indulgent.

It is merely that the engine-driver's love of the game has been *plus fort que lui*.

A. L. B.

### The Royal Collegian Abroad

"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings."—KEATS.

LONDON.

At MR PLUNKET GREENE'S Recital at Æolian Hall on Nov. 7, songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Mr Thomas Dunhill, Mr Harold Darke and Mr Herbert Howells were included in the programme.

Judging by the following list of recently performed works by MR HERBERT HOWELLS, he is already winning wide recognition, a fact which will give satisfaction to those who are already acquainted with his compositions.

Lady Audrey's Suite. (All British Concert, Steinway Hall.) Oct. 18.

Folk-Song Phantasy Quartet. (London String Quartet.) Oct. 26

Violin and Piano Phantasy Sonata. (Miss Sybil Eaton and Mr G. O'Connor Morris.) Nov. 1.



Piano Quartet in A minor. (Messrs Ball, Kinze, Bridge and Warwick Evans. Oxford.) Nov. 6.

Comedy Suite for clarinet and piano<sup>7</sup>. (Mr Charles Draper and Madame Lily Henkel.) Nov. 8.

"By the Waters of Babylon" for baritone solo, violin, violoncello and organ. (S. Michael's, Cornhill.) Nov. 26.

Elegy for Strings (conducted by Dr. H. P. Allen. Albert Hall.) Dec. 15.

At the pianoforte and violin Recital of British Sonatas, given at Æolian Hall on Nov. 12, by MRS ETHEL HOBDAV and MISS MARJORIE HAYWARD, Mr Thomas Dunhill's new Sonata in F was given its first performance, and Mr John Ireland's second Sonata was also included in the programme.

MR HAROLD DARKE has given Organ Recitals at S. Michael's, Cornhill, every Monday from Sept. 10 to Dec. 17 inclusive, at which he has been assisted by several Collegians.

The Introit "God be in my head," set by Miss MABEL SAUMAREZ SMITH, was sung by the choir of S. James's, Sussex Gardens, on Oct. 28, under the direction of Mr G. Thälben Ball.

MISS OLGA HALEY gave a successful Recital at Æolian Hall on Oct. 12, assisted by Miss Joan Willis. The whole programme was by British composers and included songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Mr Landon Ronald, Mr Henry Gibson, and Mr E. Roy Thompson, with violoncello solos by Mr Frank Bridge and Mr O'Connor Morris.

A new edition of Haydn's Violoncello Concerto in D has recently been completed by Mr W. E. WHITEHOUSE, and is published by Messrs. Joseph Williams.

MISS DORA GARLAND made a successful appearance at Queen's Hall on Nov. 10, when she was associated with Mr Maurice Sons in the performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Attractive concerts have been organised in the Y.M.C.A. Huts at Oswestry by MISS BOWYER-BAILEY and MRS ROGER EDWARDS.

Miss JESSIE GRIMSON left on Dec. 17, for a four weeks' tour in France with Miss Lena Ashwell's concert party.

An interesting programme was arranged by Mr C. SPURLING for the Midsummer Concert at Onndle School on June 30.

MR J. W. S. SEATON, now Second Lieutenant in the East Surreys, has been serving in France. Though stricken down recently with trench fever he is now happily making a good recovery.

#### WEDDINGS

WILES—DAVIDSON. —In February 1917, at Madras, Miss Helen Davidson to Mr H. H. Wiles.

EGG—GRAHAM-HOGG. —On Aug. 31, at Montreal, Canada, Mr Arthur H. Egg to Miss Effie Graham-Hogg.

MUSSON—HUTTON. —On Nov. 10, at Brompton Oratory, Miss Moya Hutton to Lieut. Musson (R.F.C.).

HARTSHORNE—BURGESS. —On Oct. 25, at S. Savionr's, Westminster, Miss Lillian Burgess to Sergeant Hartshorne (C.A.S.C.).

#### BIRTH

On Feb. 1, to MR and MRS ALFRED HARRIS (Agnes M. Stevens)—a daughter.

## A COLLEGIAN'S DISTINCTION

Not only the personal friends of Miss GLADYS SLADE but all old Collegians will read with pleasure of the distinction awarded to her by the French Minister of War. She was at College from 1906 to 1910, and was Clementi Exhibitioner in 1909.

On October 12, in Paris, the French War Minister, on behalf of the President of the Republic, awarded to Miss Gladys Slade the "Médaille d'Honneur," for her work amongst the French wounded at the American Ambulance during the years 1915-16-17. The following is the citation:—

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE  
MINISTRE DE LA GUERRE  
RÉCOMPENSE POUR BELLES ACTIONS  
MÉDAILLE D'HONNEUR

Au nom du Président de la République, le Ministre de la Guerre a décerné une Médaille d'Honneur en Argent à Madlle. Gladys Slade qui a fait preuve du plus grand dévouement.

Madlle. Gladys Slade est autorisée à porter cette Médaille suspendue à la boutonnière par un ruban tricolore également divisé. Ce Diplôme lui a été délivré afin de perpétuer dans sa famille, et au milieu de ses concitoyens le souvenir de son honorable et courageuse conduite.

LE MINISTRE DE LA GUERRE.

[Translation]

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC  
WAR OFFICE  
REWARD FOR NOBLE DEEDS  
MEDAL OF HONOUR

In the name of the President of the Republic, the War Minister has awarded a Silver Medal of Honour to Miss Gladys Slade, who has given proof of the greatest devotion.

Miss Gladys Slade is authorised to wear this Medal suspended from a button of tri-coloured ribbon equally divided.

This Diploma has been handed to her in order to perpetuate in her family and amongst her fellow-citizens the Souvenir of her honourable and courageous conduct.

THE WAR MINISTER.

## LETTERS FROM OLD COLLEGIANS

CAPTAIN CLIVE CAREY sends an interesting letter from France enclosing a programme of a Concert given by his Choir and soloists (including Miss McCall and himself). The programme consists of a list of works which is remarkably representative of College composers, as it includes Sir Charles Stanford's "Songs of the Fleet" part-songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, Dr. Wood, and Dr. Walford Davies. The names of Mr Cecil Forsyth and Dr. Vaughan Williams also appear. He says: "My choir was about 22 strong. We only get a practice a week of about three-quarters of an hour to an hour, generally in numbers varying from 8 to 15 at a time . . . Before this concert, however, we had two practices a week for a fortnight, and really they gave a most wonderful show, and I was completely surprised by the amount of poetry and the beautiful quiet effects I got out of them, particularly in the "Songs of the Fleet," which were, of course, the 'clou' of the evening. This particular concert was for Officers and Ladies, but we are repeating the programme at

several of the hints for the men, and we get a keen audience and an excellent reception. . . . The French people here are very flattering about my little choir, and indeed about the music and the propensities of the English in general, whom they term a very musical nation, which is more than they say of their own race and I think the compliment is sincere."

SECOND LIEUTENANT DENIS S. WRIGHT sends a letter from Salonica in the course of which he says: "Perhaps you will be interested to hear a little of what I am doing out here. . . . I am up country with the Serbian Army doing transport work, which is, in itself, extremely monotonous, the monotony being usually broken by unpleasant occurrences such as air-raids and artillery activity. We work with Ford vans well within range of the Bulgar guns and over terrible roads. Our usual run is only about 8 miles in length, and includes 5 miles solid climb up a mountain, rising over 2,000 feet. Conditions are altogether unfavourable for motoring, but we manage to get through the work. During the whole of last winter there was only one day on which we could not run, and then the snow was six feet deep, and I defy any car to get along in that.

"Having a more or less permanent camp now for the winter (at least we hope so), I have been building a theatre, or rather adding a stage and dressing-room on to the men's mess marquee. It is practically finished now. . . . We have quite a good brass band of 15 players, also a glee party, so, with rehearsals of both of these and the general arrangements of concerts I have plenty of work. But it is worth doing. . . . Those were happy days before the war, you can imagine how we look forward to the College "re-union" when this is all over. . . . It might interest you to know that I met the brother of Scriabin; he is in a Russian Cavalry Brigade out here. Though he is a charming man, he is not interested in music at all, and, like many people, considers that his brother was mentally 'not all there.' I made the acquaintance of a French doctor, who is a very enthusiastic amateur musician, in rather a curious way. I was stuck on the road with my car, and whilst waiting for a repair car to come along, I was whistling a theme from César Franck's Symphony. All he heard was one phrase as he went past on a horse. He immediately stopped and insisted on my starting at the beginning of the Symphony and whistling and singing it through with him! I wonder if the Symphony has ever had a more curious 'performance.' I have been mentioned in Serbian despatches 'for good work and devotion to duty,' which is rather a unique honour for English officers, as there are so few of us with the Serbs."

#### NOTES FROM QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HOUSE

An interesting concert took place in the Concert Hall of the House (the old home of College Concerts) on December 11. The programme included the two Elegiac Melodies of Grieg, Dr. Walford Davies's Solemn Melody, and other items played by the House String Orchestra under Mr. Dunhill's direction. There were several soloists, vocal and instrumental, all House girls, and all their performances were extremely successful. There was a large attendance, and the proceeds, which amounted to over £22, were handed over to the Red Cross Society.

Concerts were given by the House Orchestra at the Prince of Wales's Officers' Hospital (Great Central Hotel) on May 30, July 4, Nov. 13, and Dec. 12. The performances were much enjoyed by the large audiences on each occasion. Many of the most brilliant present Collegians appeared as soloists, receiving the heartiest receptions, and even the more serious compositions performed by the orchestra (such as Elgar's Serenade, and Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*) were listened to with earnest attention, and greatly applauded. The House Orchestra is at present in very good form; the violins are numerous, and some recent acquisitions in the viola and cello department have added to its strength.



It is whispered that owing to the patriotism of piano-tuners the pianos in the House are in a horrible condition ! Some of the students have no doubt been discovering new and unsuspected scales, unknown even to the Greeks, and thus widening their musical knowledge.

MISS GLADYS SLADE and MISS WISHART (nurse, who left in 1914) have both had the French silver medal "for devotion" presented to them by the French Minister. Particulars of Miss Slade's award appear elsewhere in these pages. Miss Wishart is with the Edinburgh and Border Hospital in Paris, and is, of course, nursing French wounded.

MISS BROOME kindly contributes the following, which will assuredly interest all readers who knew Miss WAITE at the House :—

Last week a very exciting story came to hand. Miss Waite, who was appointed to the staff with me in 1907, suddenly appeared in my office from France, where she is an Army sister. She, and another sister, had been chosen to go in the first ambulance unit to Italy in the recent crisis ; and to join the rest of the unit they had to motor 30 kilometres from the hospital where they were serving. The order came late at night, and they were told to pack all their belongings and start at once in an empty motor ambulance. Miss Waite wanted to travel inside, but the other sister was all for fresh air ; so they bundled themselves up against the cold, putting on operation stockings and blankets over their uniforms, and got up beside the chauffeur.

It was very dark—darker than England Miss Waite said—and first they nearly got killed riding into the gates at a level crossing ; but having escaped out of that, they watched for a certain village—some name like—where, they were told, there was a turning. There was a tiny glimmer of light—could that be — ? "No," said Miss Waite, "too soon." As she spoke the words, the ambulance seemed to leap into the air, and they were launched into space. Next thing they knew, icy water was swirling round them in the darkness—they had driven into the Somme ! It was up to their chests as they tilted down into it, and at that awful angle they stuck, the car having struck a huge submerged sewer pipe on which it rested for the time being. The chauffeur climbed out and swam to shore, leaving the two sisters holding on for their lives, in terror lest if they moved the car would overbalance. The chauffeur got to shore, but when he tried to rouse the village the village weren't taking any, for the noise had been so awful (a flight of steps being smashed as the car hurtled down the steep bank) that they thought it was an air-raid. At last some English officers were roused, and two of them, coming out just as they were, got an empty boat, swam out with it, and hauled the two half-drowned sisters over the top of the ambulance. The joke then was that they had to be dried and housed in the officers' quarters till morning, though it would have been a deadly crime even to have tea there in normal circumstances !—and two splendid people stayed up all night drying their clothes that they might be able to appear in the morning. It was supposed that the officer in command must have seen the operation stockings, for his only reference to the matter—very tactfully—was a humorous one about strange garments that had invaded the mess !

All the sisters' kit went to the bottom of the Somme, so instead of going to Italy the poor things were returned to England to buy more, and others took their places. "But if you'd gone to Italy ever so," I said, "you couldn't have had bigger adventures." "Ah," said Miss Waite, "but then our Hospital in Italy was to have been a marble palace, looking over the blue sea !"

Contributions to these notes are invited. It is hoped to make them a regular feature of the Magazine.

## The Term's Awards

*" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."*—ADDISON

### COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—

Buchanan, Ethel E. (Singing) .. .. .	£7	0	0
Finch, Edith (Singing) .. .. .	£7	0	0
Klein, Hilda (Piano) .. .. .	£9	0	0
Noble, Phyllis M. (Piano) .. .. .	£9	0	0
Sawyer, Yvonne M. (Piano) .. .. .	£9	0	0
Sturrock, Mary (Violin) .. .. .	£9	0	0

### THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE (value £3 3s.) FOR SINGING— McLelland, Ethel R. (Bruce Scholar).

### THE DOVE PRIZE (£13)—

Houghton, Doris, A.R.C.M. (Director's Exhibitioner).

### THE LEO STERN MEMORIAL GIFT FOR 'CELLISTS (£5 5s.)—

Robinson, Edward J. (Scholar).

### THE LESLEY ALEXANDER GIFT (£27)—

Thuell, S. Dorothy, A.R.C.M. (Gowland Harrison Exhibitioner).

### THE MANNS MEMORIAL GIFT (£3 11s. 10d.)—

Holding, Frederick C. (Morley Scholar).

### THE EDMUND GROVE EXHIBITION (£20)—

Daubeney, Cicely M., A.R.C.M. .. .. .	£10	0	0
English, Naomi .. .. .	£5	0	0
Scaramanga, Melpomène .. .. .	£5	0	0

### THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY PRIZE—

Barton, E. Marjorie

### THE NORFOLK AND NORWICH SCHOLARSHIP—

Barrett, Melesina M., for one year.

Proxime accessit :—

Newstead, Lilian M.

### The Associated Board of the R.A.M and R.C.M. have awarded Exhibitions to—

Thatcher, Doris M. M. (Violin)

Edes, Marjorie B. (Violoncello)

Salmons, Cyril L. (Organ)

and renewed Exhibitions, viz. :—

Bowen, Olive, for one year to December, 1918.

Chisholm Lena, for one year to April, 1919.

Holland, Adrian, for one year to April, 1919.

Tay, Evelyn E., for one year to December, 1918.

Wynter, Emmeline M., for one year to December, 1918.



## List of Dates, 1918

### OPEN SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION

Last day for receiving application forms	Tuesday, April 23rd
Preliminary Local Examinations	Wednesday, May 29th
Final Examination at College	about June 12th

### A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

Last day for receiving application forms	Wednesday, February 27th
Examination begins	Monday, April 15th

### EASTER TERM

Entrance Examination	Thursday, January 3rd
Term begins	Monday, January 7th
Half Term begins	Monday, February 18th
Term ends	Saturday, March 23rd

### MIDSUMMER TERM

Entrance Examination	Thursday, April 25th
Term begins	Monday, April 29th
Half Term begins	Monday, June 10th
Term ends	Saturday, July 20th

### CHRISTMAS TERM

Entrance Examination	Thursday, September 19th
Term begins	Monday, September 23rd
Half Term begins	Monday, November 4th
Term ends	Saturday, December 14th



# *The Director of Food Economy's Appeal*



In 1914 the need  
was for **MEN**  
In 1915 for **MUNITIONS**  
In 1916 for **MONEY**  
In 1917 for **MEN**  
**MUNITIONS-MONEY**

*and  
Economy in Food*

*Arthur K. Gable.*